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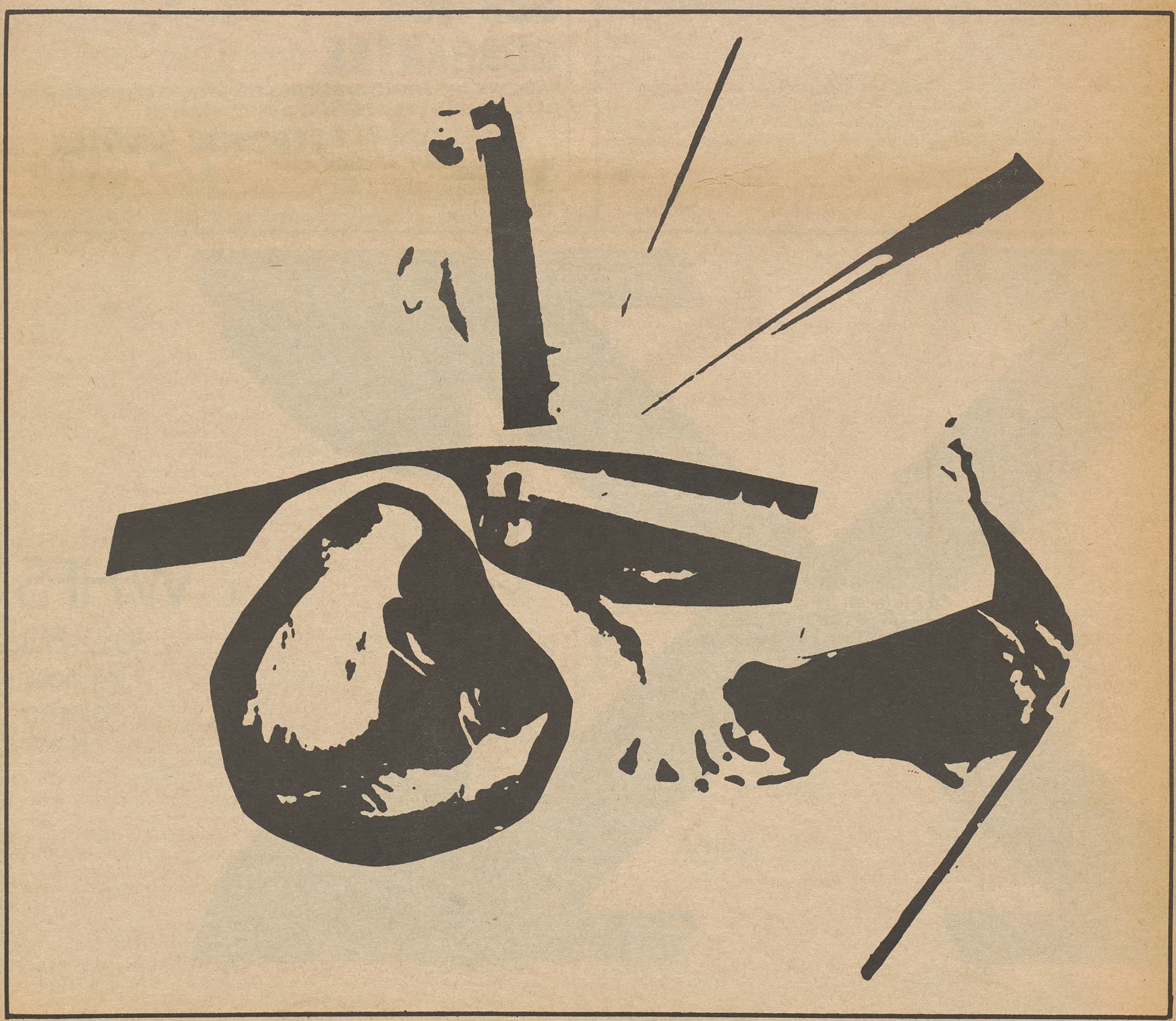
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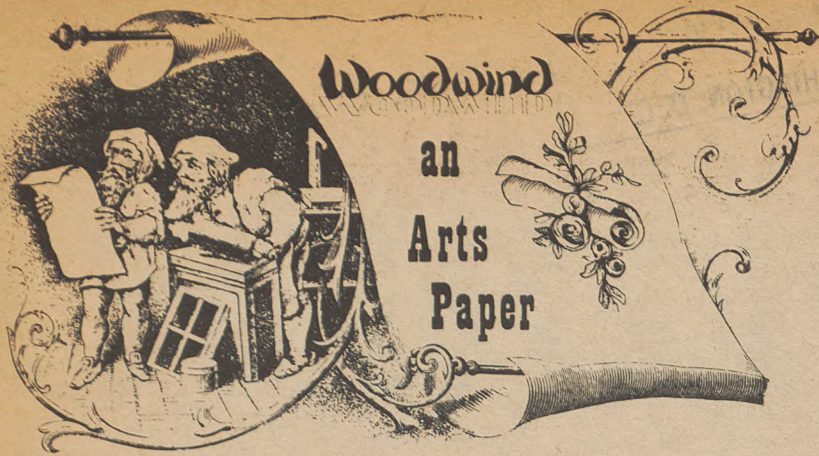
WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C.

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WOODWIND is a community oriented Arts paper, and in being so, one of our primary functions is to publish new local artists and writers. If you are interested in having your work published please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction, art reviews and short features. Poetry is not ruled out, but we do have a huge backlog.

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Politics, Performance, and The Drama Review

THE DRAMA REVIEW, formerly the TULANE DRAMA REVIEW, has been the most important and influential theatre magazine in America for the last decade. So naturally, when the current publisher, New York University, announced plans to cease publication because of alumni objections to content and expense, a heated controversy followed. Now, however, as a result of the controversy, there are two important theatre magazines rather than none.

Most of the staff of the original TDR, after carrying the controversy to the VILLAGE VOICE and the NEW YORK TIMES, left the umbrella of NYU and set up an independent magazine, PERFORMANCE, published by the New York Shakespeare Festival Public Theatre. With a vastly reduced staff, and Michael Kirby promoted from Contributing Editor to Editor, TDR continues at NYU. The first issue of PERFORMANCE is now out, as well as the first two Kirby issues of TDR and it's a good time to look at the results and the controversy.

Arthur Sainer's column in the VILLAGE VOICE gave first public notice of the situation at NYU, from the staff point of view, and at that point it seemed the major obstacle to continuation of the magazine was a controversy over aesthetics. The alumni were particularly upset, it was noted, over an issue of TDR devoted to the anarchist Living Theatre, which had been edited by former editor Richard Schechner. In addition, current editor Erika Munk had been under fire for over-spending apparently. It seemed to boil down to a conflict over the combined radical politics of radical theatre and money.

The reasons for the university's ire have not been so clear since. First, the NEW YORK TIMES refused to publish a letter from the staff explaining the situation. Then they published a letter, in which Mrs. Munk and the staff explained that they had been prevented from taking the magazine elsewhere, but they intended to start a new magazine which would be the OLD magazine. Then, Kirby wrote to the TIMES that HE would be publishing the old TDR, but at a bargain rate.

In the first issue of PERFORMANCE, editors Munk and William Coco appear to explain the situation as an aesthetic conflict with Richard Schechner over the nature of the magazine after he passed it on to Munk to devote himself full-time to directing the Performance Group. Kirby, by his editorial remarks in his two issues of TDR, tries to clarify it as a simple matter of poor management in which Munk and staff had accumulated a \$100,000 deficit. The fact that Schechner, editor of the controversial Living Theatre issue, has rejoined TDR as a contributing editor just complicates the issue.

Whatever actual role Schechner has played in the controversy, his importance to contemporary theatre is almost exactly that of TDRs. While he was on the staff, the magazine explored and introduced every important movement in the modern theatre, from Martin Esslin's initial essay on the Theatre of the Absurd to the first news of director Jerzy Grotowski's experiments in Poland, and there were major studies of Stanislavsky, Brecht and Happenings along the way.

Schechner's personal advocacy of environmental theatre, and his serious search for a means to break down the traditional barriers between spectators and performers, were reflected in the pages of TDR, along with a recognition of the growing Black Theatre in America. But under Schechner and his growing interest in performance and guerilla theatre, there was a diminished interest in new scripts and literary theatre.

When Munk took over at TDR she announced two issues dedicated to new scripts, though these only partially came about. But with PERFORMANCE, she has begun publication of a companion monthly magazine, SCRIPTS, dedicated solely to publication of new scripts for theatre, dance, music and films. And TDR under Kirby has virtually renounced scripts with the exception of a 1913 futurist play, in favor of "documentation" of performances and performance theory. Schechner, incidentally, is the foremost practitioner of this type of documentation; witness his book on the Performance Group's DIONYSUS IN 69.

Interestingly enough, Schechner figures in a great many of the articles in the premiere issue of PERFORMANCE. Editors Munk and Coco editorialize that "Americans neither can nor should re-create the rituals of pre-literate societies" and that "physical contact between a performer and a spectator doesn't create intimacy", both statements aimed at Schechner who several years ago linked structural anthropology to the theatre, introducing primitive rituals into DIONYSUS IN 69, and attempted physical links between the audience and the performers in all three Performance Group productions. And at least three other articles in the first issue discuss Schechner directly, favorably and unfavorably, indicating something of his importance.

But what do the new magazines offer, controversies aside? PERFORMANCE appears to be the more lavishly produced of the two, more like the TDR of a few years ago than is Kirby's magazine, with more opaque paper and a slightly larger format. Particularly of interest to Washington readers should be Public Theatre director Joseph Papp's publisher's note, in which he ties the new PERFORMANCE to the Public Theatre and explains the Public Theatre's plans for productions out of the Kennedy Center.

The issue itself is themed around "Growing Out of the Sixties" and includes a look at the theatre innovations of the Sixties and early intimations of the theatre of the Seventies. There is a preview of the extravagant New York bound Brazilian version of THE BALCONY and a discussion with Julian Beck and Judith Malina about their theatre experiments in Brazil which caused their arrest and deportation. There are also pieces by Jan Kott, Joseph Chaikin and a retrospective on guerilla theatre by Ronny Davis. In short, PERFORMANCE is the old TDR, with a more secure home in Joseph Papp's Public Theatre.

Kirby's TDR is obviously less well-funded than it was under Schechner and Munk, but thus far it is still a significant journal of contemporary theatre. Skimming through the names involved in putting it out, from Michael Kirby and E.T. Kirby, to Victoria Nes Kirby and Nancy Nes to Paul Ryder Ryan and Ruthann Ryan, it seems almost a family publication now, though it is still admirably international in scope.

The current issue, T 52, introduces The People Show of London and describes Luca Ronconi's newest spectacle, XX, his first production since the circus-like ORLANDO FURIOSO that played in a tent in New York. It also includes an illuminating and thorough description of Grotowski's APOCALYPSIS CUM FIGURIS, which should be of enormous interest to anyone interested in Grotowski's work. Any long time reader of TDR should want this issue at any rate, for the complete index to all past issues, including the Tulane University years under Robert Corrigan and Schechner.

Though it's the future issues of these magazines that will reveal the most about the editors' development, and the real value of the split, both publications are off to promising new starts. I hope the animosities end soon, however, so that Kirby no longer feels it necessary to point out that TDR received over 3,000 complaints about subscription delays and missing copies under Munk, especially since at least one was mine, and so he'll no longer feel compelled to print a lengthy letter from a contributor pointing out mistakes in Munk's editing of a piece and labelling it "Poor Performance". That's a little too snide.

There are only two things either editor can do for their readers regarding the nasty split from NYU; ignore it altogether, or document it thoroughly so that the readers can ignore the innuendoes.

Since the confusion surrounding the split, distribution of the magazines hasn't been worked out, and I haven't seen either magazine for sale in the Washington area, though TDR has been regularly carried by Brentano's and Discount Book and Records. The best bet for subscription information and single copy purchases is still the mailing addresses: THE DRAMA REVIEW at NYU School of the Arts, 40 East 7th Street, New York, N.Y. 10003, and PERFORMANCE at 425 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10003.

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BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS — Life in the Beauty Culture

Kathrin Perutz, Pyramid Books, New York, June 1971, 399 pages w/index paper, \$1.25.

Review by Mia

We are all involved in the beauty culture, i.e. the beauty industry. And that vulture animal, feeding on the insecurities, frustrations and socially prescribed desires of its human prey, is making one statement: M-O-N-E-Y = Beauty. Kathrin Perutz makes a strong point of this social enslavement in her book *BEYOND THE LOOKING GLASS*:

"To be a good prisoner means to accept the prison society, its values, behavior and standards and then conform to its principles. The good prisoner, like the good consumer, is in total agreement with the society that surrounds him. The American consumer, who lives in a much larger world than the Women's House of Detention (New York), is taught not by corrections officers but by print, radio, and television to accept patterns of behavior."

Where is the line drawn between consumer and prisoner? or between normal and psychotic? Penelope Tree is avant garde, identified by the use of bizarre make-up, but the inmate of a mental institution, by utilizing a similar make-up fantasy, is said to be projecting her illness. Ms. Perutz points out clearly (pp. 218-219) that the same personality traits diagnosed as chronic schizophrenia in the lower classes are called by the experts "interesting cases of neurosis" if present in the upper classes. Who passes judgment? The one good point of the book, that is the implications of mass psychopathological enslavement, though not satisfactorily developed by Ms. Perutz is prevalent throughout.

To discover if you are interested in reading this thoroughly gossipy book, check the table of contents: Make-up America — The Image and How to Do It; Hair — The Presentation of Hair; What a Piece of Work is Man — The Man-made Woman and the Man Who Made Her, etc. Cohesive and copious each area is presented separately but with an interdependency that always culminates in the author's message. But how many times do we want to hear how each person's lifestyle is permeated and polluted by the incessant quest for security, acceptance, power and money.

She makes her point. Much Too Often. We all know about the problem and this book gives plenty of concrete evidence and information. The damning thing is that it can not, even though it tries, offer some new awareness. Does she actually tell us of any ways to combat the influence and tyrannical exploitation of merchandizing? Here the book fails. Badly. Ms. Perutz valiantly attempts an exposé, but reveals herself hopelessly ensnared in the compulsive behavior perpetuated by the glamor industry. She keeps her weekly appointment at the hairdresser. She is still obsessed with her weight and goes periodically to a health salon. Even though she tells us all this in the book, which certainly qualifies her as an honest writer, it still does not keep her from being a cop-out.

She is a cop-out in 399 pages. The book is as over large as it is gossipy. It is based heavily on interviews with top figures in the fashion and cosmetic industry, but does not seem edited. She relies too much on dialogue and uses pages of quotes. She seems so enamored with the words of the beauty super-stars that she cannot bear to cut one precious morsel out. Thus, the book becomes a cut and paste job that is pointless because of the equal failure to present damning evidence effectively. Her strong points are obscured by the "Women's Section" format. Sometimes this can work to our advantage. For example, in her interview with Kenneth he says, "I think that dishonesty starts right in the mind of the consumer." If Ms. Perutz attempted an interpretation of this statement, her interpretation would be sure to water down otherwise effective material.

But what can we expect? Ms. Perutz is so involved in the whole scene that she can't take a decisive point of view. At least Kenneth has a definite view point. When she goes to Jean Shrimpton's apartment she is so awed by the magnificent presence of "the Shrimp" that she can't even carry out an effective interview. Her indecisiveness of position makes Ms. Perutz very trying at trying to be critical.

In the end, the book offers no workable solutions. The implications for combatting social imprisonment are here, but are not carried through. There are, for those who are willing to struggle for it, ways of developing a personal identity without the use of artificial means, i.e. cosmetics/plastic surgery. Self identity is possible through self development. Kathrin Perutz has failed to point out any workable solutions. Everyone has within them something of value. Inner strength can create appeal more honestly than any gloss lipstick. People are beginning to see through the plastic beauty/money culture. This book is good in that it provides one with factual material and insight. But it's time we realized that one does not have to accept the values, behavior and standards taught by the commercial media. The qualities of man are inherent and will survive long after the mirror cracks.

AN ACCIDENTAL MAN by Iris Murdoch. Viking, 1972, 442 pages. \$7.95 hardbound.

Reviewed by Judy Willis

I scribbled five pages of notes between the front cover and the second title page while reading this novel. What I should do is just transcribe my notes to this review and then I can spend the rest of the evening watching TV. But there's nothing good on, and anyway looking at such little people gives me eye-strain. Usually the more notes I take while I'm reading a book, particularly a novel, the less it means I liked the book. It's true I didn't really like this one, but it is a critic's delight.

Critics need books like this. We need the *tour de force* that fails, the novel that begs for analysis, the one we can analyze without fear of breaking it down so far that it loses its beauty because there is no beauty to begin with, only brains. If we stick to using our great analytical prowess on books that were meant for it, we may be saved from making fools of ourselves over great writing which anyway defies analysis.

And after I scribbled that, I scrawled "example: Rilke's Journals" because my mind flew back to a seminar I once attended on Existentialist writers. You know what fun a gang of graduate English vampires can have sharpening their fangs on Kirkegaard, Camus and Sartre. The bell rang and the competition for the deepest cutting insight was on. We fed each other bloody analogies until I had to dash from the building as soon as the glut was over to vomit similes into the nearest metaphorical gutter. But then we came to Rilke. Since the last meeting we had all read Rilke's Journals, but nobody wanted to talk about it. Silence. It was too beautiful to discuss (both the silence and the Rilke).

I'm glad now for a book that isn't too beautiful to discuss. And I am going to get around to discussing it. I have to do something will all those notes.

The publisher, or Iris Murdoch, I don't know which, has provided the reader with a "Cast of Principal Characters" on the front flap of the shiny paper that covers the hard cover. I don't know what you do if you lose the paper cover because that list is very necessary, not only because it contributes to the tone of this English "novel of manners," but because up to the denouement, all the characters think and sound alike. Here's part of the cast in case you lose your paper cover:

"LUDWIG (sometimes Louis) Leferrier, aged 22; an American student living in London. The TISBOURNES; GRACE Tisbourne (Gracie), aged 19; CLARA and GEORGE... her parents; PATRICK, her younger brother...; CHARLOTTE Ledgard, Clara's elder sister, living with ALISON, their mother. THE GIBSON GREYS: AUSTIN, in his forties, separated from his second wife, Dorina; GARTH, son of Austin and his late first wife, BETTY...; MATTHEW, Austin's elder brother, a diplomat, just back from the East; DORINA, Austin's second wife, living at Valmorana with MAVIS Argyll, her unmarried elder sister...; MITZI Ricardo, an old friend of Austins..."

And then there are "The Tisbourne Circle" and "Friends of Ludwig at Oxford." As you can plainly see, it all fits together just so and all that rot. Until after you become properly acquainted. Then you discover that just about all the women take sleeping pills, that many of the characters consider suicide but only two attempt it, and that seven out of the 23 characters are homosexual or at least have a go at it.

Which would you like next, the plot or the theme? The plot is about accidents. So is the theme. Austin accidentally fell (or was he pushed by Matthew?) when he was a child and permanently injured his hand. His first wife, Betty, accidentally drowned, although she was an expert swimmer. Austin accidentally runs down a little girl, killing her, because he impulsively offered to drive Matthew's car while Matthew sat in back (did the accident happen to Austin or to the little girl?) Later on, he accidentally brain damages the dead girl's stepfather when the stepfather accidentally lives rather than accidentally dies following a blow on the head Austin accidentally-on-purpose delivers. Dorina just happens to arrive, suitcase in hand, for a reunion with her husband at the very moment when he and Mitzi are accidentally making love. Austin accidentally kills somebody's pet owl he has mistaken for a monster that's after him.

Counter to all this slapstick bad luck runs the serendipitous subplot of Ludwig's and Gracie's romance. Ludwig is a British as well as an American citizen by accident of his birth in Great Britain of naturalized American citizens. His parents want him to return to the land of their dreams which is about to

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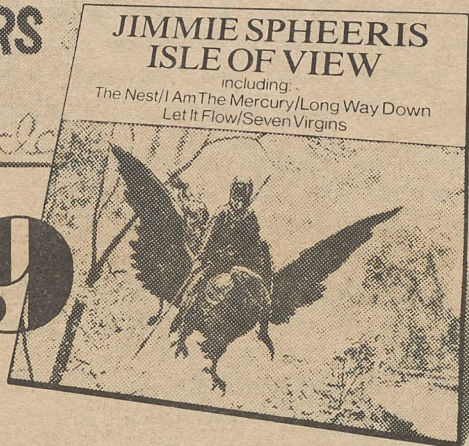
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"My scarlet ships sail sacred oceans
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—Jimmie Spheeris



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draft Ludwig to fight in Viet Nam but he tells them he won't go either home or to Viet Nam. Then he starts having doubts because, as he tells his fiancée Gracie, who has unexpectedly (accidentally?) become an heiress, "... the gods send me the job at Oxford and you and it's all so easy and I don't see into my motivation any more and —"

The theme of fate vs. free will, chance vs. design, is most succinctly expressed by Garth:

"Because a child could step into the road and die there was a certain way in which it was necessary to live. The connections were there, a secret logic in the world as relentlessly necessary as a mathematical system. Perhaps for God it was a mathematical system.... These deaths were merely signs, accidental signs even.... Absolute contradictions seemed at the heart of things, and yet the system was there, the secret logic of the world...."

Ludwig sees himself as being able to select, from a host of possible future selves, the one he will become; he cowers under the responsibility of that choice. Austin sees himself as entirely determined by change:

"I am an accidental man," Austin had once said to her

"What do you mean Austin? Aren't we all accidental? Isn't conception accidental?"

"With me it's gone on and on."

And Iris Murdoch, hardly disguising herself as the mind of Matthew when she should be up there paring her fingernails with James Joyce, says:

"When a man has reflected much he is tempted to imagine himself as the prime author of change. Perhaps in such a mood God actually succeeded in creating the world. But for man such moods are times of illusion. What we have deeply imagined we feign to control, often with what seem to be the best of motives. But the reality is huge and dark which lies beyond the lighted area of our intentions."

One feels called upon to say a word about the diction of this novel. I feel called upon to say several hundred. The diction of the English novel of manners (e.g. Jane Austen I'm told, though I've never read her) is anachronistically juxtaposed with this hip, swinging 1970's world of ours.

Like pick up on this cocktail party rap: "Charles says Ralph has stopped being a dandy and has become a hippie." Oh, dear. Still Patrick will look adorable with long hair."

Or this letter from Ludwig to his father:

"Your letter has caused me much distress. I fear we are moving farther apart and it is becoming difficult even to argue. I cannot plead total conscientious objection since I do not, in my conscience, totally object to war.... I cannot, at a crucial moment in my life, and even to encompass a purpose which is not true... I am getting married on August 18. This too is a step upon which I have reflected deeply and about which I have no doubts...."

Does anyone still write or speak like that? Did they ever? Did Elizabethans speak like Shakespeare's plays? Did they think that way too?

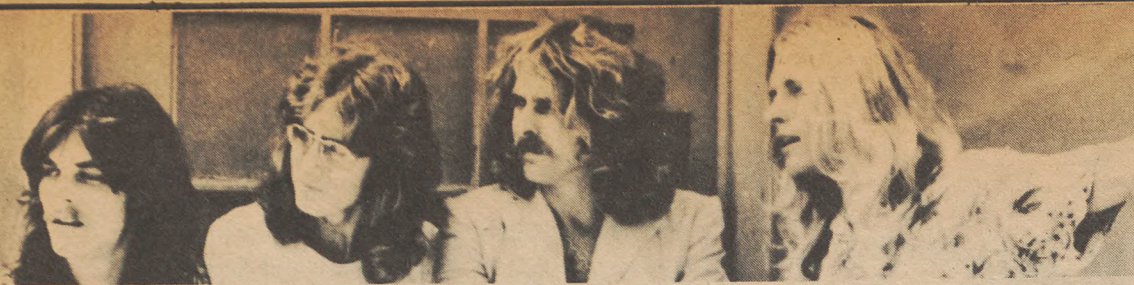
Are our facades today any less than when this style of writing was in vogue?

Iris Murdoch uses letters and party conversation to tell part of her story. At parties we present a social self of silly gestures. In contrast, a letter is thought to present more honest a revelation of feelings. Even though they can reach each other by phone, Murdoch's characters send letters to one another, by messenger even, merely to say they plan to phone later that same day. The letters that Murdoch's characters write sound no different than their party conversations. And as ridiculous as it seems in the book, don't you and I know people who would rather write than phone; people who write long passionate letters which are supposed to reveal their real selves, but do just the opposite. A letter gives the appearance of revelation while allowing the writer even more control over his facade than in face-to-face or ear-to-ear conversation.

I've written so many other juicy things on the first few originally blank pages of this book, but I'm tired even if you're not. I wrote: Written from 3d person omniscient point of view — God's point of view. Many references to God, yet characters are not religious, most are agnostic or atheist. Problem is, without God how do you explain the central problems or mysteries of life? Human impotency symbolized by Matthew's sexual impotency.

In AN ACCIDENTAL MAN, Iris Murdoch gives philosophical matters more importance than emotional ones. Therefore, the impact on the reader is philosophical rather than emotional. Before I fall asleep I want to tell you she hasn't always written like that. Around nine novels ago in A SEVERED HEAD, Murdoch managed to give me nightmares which isn't easy. I read A SEVERED HEAD in a single sitting (the only other novel I've done that with is Sartre's NAUSEA), fascinated by the feeling of terror evoked with pristine language, lured by the huge dark side of us that Murdoch revealed beyond the lighted area. I can remember the physical pain of the shock when I saw that brother and sister, in bed together in A SEVERED HEAD, and my recognition, as the pain subsided, that I had known it was going to happen all along but had denied this knowledge to myself because I didn't think it could happen in such an apparently proper world. Even after the nightmare that I can't remember, a fearful feeling — half guilt, half dread — fell over me each time that revelation flashed again across my mind.

Nothing like that will happen to you if you read AN ACCIDENTAL MAN even though the characters talk about it. I've been trying to resist, but I can't help saying, AN ACCIDENTAL MAN is an incidental book. Now I'm going to watch the tube and have sweet dreams.



counternotes

BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

GOODDUNS — King Biscuit Boy — Paramount PAS 6023

The name King Biscuit Boy may conjure up images of some skinny, hunched over 73 year old Arkansas Blues singer (it's supposed to), but the Biscuit Boy is a young, white Canadian named Richard Newell who has a feel for black music and is an especially mean harp player. But he's also the type of musician who can do just about anything well.

Previously, he has toured the backwood Redneck circuit as Ronnie Hawkins' harp player, and then went on to lead Hawkins' backup band when they broke from their boss and named themselves Crowbar. Their first album together was mainly blues and not totally exciting. Then Crowbar and Newell parted and the initial result was Crowbar's astounding **BAD MANORS** album, which broke away from the confines of the blues and got down to some honest rock and boogie woogie. One got the thought that the reason for the split was that Newell was only interested in blues, but **GOODDUNS** happily proves that this is not true.

This album is a fine companion to **BAD MANORS**, and a most healthy progress from the first King Biscuit Boy—Crowbar collaboration. There is blues here, but also a lot of rock & roll and boogie woogie and some soul too. And most of the back-up comes from Crowbar, one of the best rock bands around. The rock material is incredible, perfectly moved by Newell's piano (also Rick Bell of the Full Tilt Boogie Band) and Crowbar's guitarists let loose with an unending barrage of funk. "Boom Boom Out Go The Lights," and "Ranky Tanky" are as raunchy as rock can get, and you'll be hard put to sit still to "Barefoot Rock" and their rocking version of Willie Dixon's "Twenty Nine Ways To My Baby's Door." On four cuts Newell plays slide guitar, and he's positively unearthly on "Boogie Walk Part I." He gets in a little of everything, and his voice is well suited to most musical styles, even something ancient like "Georgia Rag," and especially for soul, shown here by his strong vocal on Dr. John's "Lord Pity Us All," a slow, hearty soul tune with a full back-up chorus, fine piano playing by Bell, and even some tastefully used strings. His feel for the blues is put to good use on "You Done Tore Your Playhouse Down Again."

GOODDUNS is a lot of fun, a great rave-up album. Those cats can rock non-stop and King Biscuit Boy can sing while everyone else is hoarse. With all the crap being passed off on us as rock, it's nice to get back to the basics and boogie.

SITTIN' IN — Kenny Loggins with Jim Messina — Columbia C31044

If you've been wondering what Jim Messina has been up to since he left Poco, this album is your answer and a most welcome one it is. The fact that Poco's latest album was a disappointment shows just how much Messina's talent meant to the group and he's put it to good use on this album.

I had never heard of Kenny Loggins until this album, but he's a fine songwriter and singer. I was unaware of it, but he wrote the delightful "House At Pooh Corners" which was recorded by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and is included here in a very soft and easy going, gentle version. The sound on this album often comes across as similar to Poco, for obvious reason. However, it is much less country sounding and rocks a lot easier. It's got some nice harmonies, and Messina pulls off some production tricks, like effectively using horns on country songs. And his lead guitar playing is always tasteful.

SITTIN' IN is a great companion for most anything you'd want to do. I find myself playing it a lot when I wake up in the morning, and one of God's great gifts is a nice morning music album. And it sounds good any time of day; it goes especially well with passing a pipe and a bottle of wine, or even just sitting around reading 'n thinking.

The material is well chosen, all original and not hurriedly done. They can be light and bouncy, ("Back to Georgia"), contemplative, ("Danny's Song"), or straight rocking, ("To Make A Woman Feel Wanted", part II of a trilogy with "Love Me" and "Peace Of Mind"). The album is also perfect for radio, as anything on the album could be a hit single. The one that *definitely* will, though, is the recently released "Vahevela," (pronounced Va-hee-ve-la); sounding like a Jamaican folk song with steel drums, recorders and acoustic guitars. The chorus and melody will be in your head forever after a couple of listenings. It's the kind of song that you find yourself singing and humming constantly. "Back To Georgia" and "Nobody But You" would also make good singles. And if a radio were a little more country oriented, "Listen To A Country Song" with its swift guitars and fast fiddle would be a hit. (The song is above the head of most country radio stations who refuse to play anything that remotely reeks of rock and long hair.)

The only complaint I have with this album is that "Same Old Wine" is not worth the 8:15 it is given, but outside of that the album is near perfect. It is an album that wants to be your friend and what more can you ask of it?

JO JO GUNNE, Asylum SD 5053

KEEP THE FAITH, Black Oak Arkansas, Atco SD 33-381

RACK JOBBERS RULE, Hoodoo Rhythm Devils, Capitol ST 842

It's taken a long time, but there is now emerging a new rock & roll music which compares with the youthful spirit of the best 'fifties rock & roll. It's being best exemplified by the J. Geils Band, Creedence Clearwater Revival, the Flamin' Groovies, and Mitch Ryder and Detroit, and now it's being done by Jo Jo Gunne, Black Oak Arkansas, and the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils. This music is not as easy to effectively put across as it may seem; music which has that little undefinable "roll" to go along with the rock. If it ain't got that roll, well then. . .

These three new albums all have a lot of rock, and varying degrees of roll. Jo Jo Gunne is by far the most polished and proficient, and the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils and Black Oak Arkansas are running neck and neck as to who is the raunchier band, although the Devils win the grease sweepstakes. All three albums get you moving, grab control of your senses and the forceful, energetic drive leaves you incapacitated for anything else.

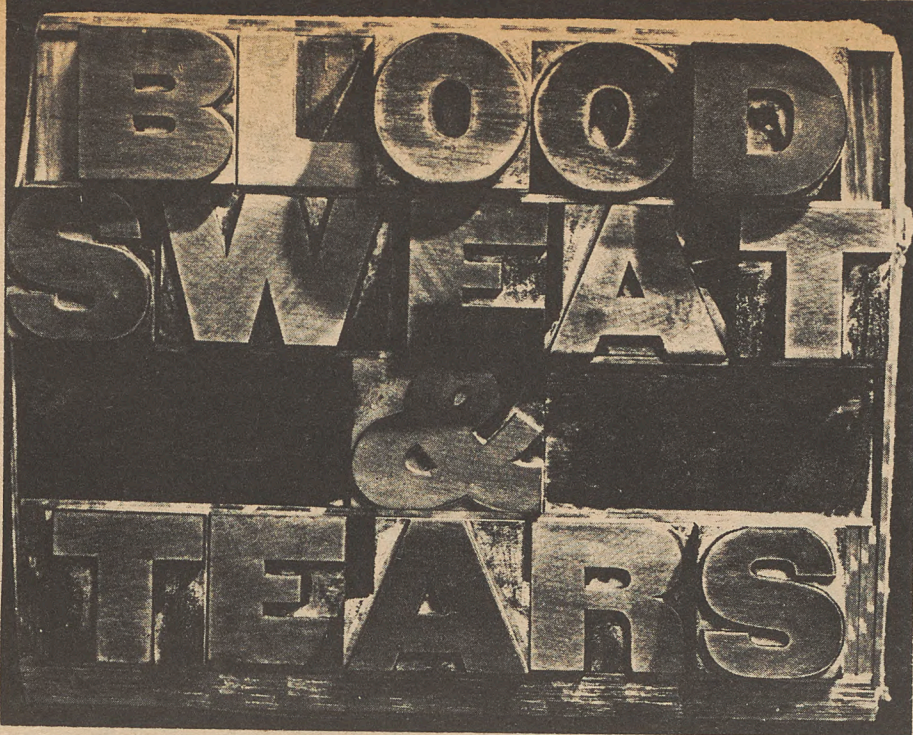
What is especially interesting in Jo Jo Gunne and Black Oak Arkansas is the change in the individual directions of the bands. Jo Jo Gunne draws two of its members, bassist Mark Andes and keyboard player Jay Ferguson, from Spirit. Evidently they were disenchanted with Spirit's musical direction of late, which was more rock than rock and roll, and Andes and Ferguson manage to roll out on this one. There are unavoidable flashes of Spirit all over the album, but they never rocked as hard as this. Mark's brother Matthew Andes is an exceptional guitarist who always manages to get to the heart of a song, cutting through any extraneous matter and getting down to bare rock & roll. Just consider the tension of his work on "Academy Award", his buzzing guitar like an electric drill making its way to the essence of the song. He works much the same way on "Shake that Fat". But Jo Jo Gunne is not a heavy guitar dominated group. Ferguson gets in his licks here, playing unabashedly funky piano on "Run Run Run", and his piano and organ work never get buried in the mix, as in so many production jobs that leave the keyboards at the bottom of a pile of guitar and drums. He's good, and he should be heard. So is drummer Curly Smith, and his work doesn't get lost either. There is no doubting their capabilities, Jo Jo Gunne is authentic rock and roll.

Black Oak Arkansas has also changed a bit from their first album. They have stopped playing country music, they have parted with producers Lee Dorman and Mike Pinera and started producing themselves, and they have gained a much better grasp of what they are doing. For one thing, they are destined to be rock & roll stars of the highest order, and they are beginning to realize it. And from the generally receptive reaction to their first album and response at live gigs, they are becoming aware of their following which gets off behind their weirdness, and, secure with that knowledge, that there are people out there listening to them, they have shunned the country and gotten down to tough rock & roll, and even with some politics and preaching, which you can tell from the title. And because it's more unified and better constructed, it is a big improvement over their first album, which was, after all, a fine debut record.

After listening to their first album, did you think that a Black Oak Arkansas LP would actually print the lyrics? Well they've done it here, and they've got just the right amount of country wisdom, humor, and hokiness, and this is as effective a message as has been directed to young America as done by any other band recently. It's a lot better than the baseless tripe spouted off by Grand Funk Railroad. For all the recent commendations GFR has received from once skeptic critics, they are doing basically the same thing as Black Oak Arkansas, and they aren't good enough to plug in BOA's amps. **KEEP THE FAITH** has an endless supply of churning funk with those two lead guitars, and Jim Mangrum's voice is decadently gritty as ever, and when he's telling you to "Keep the Faith" and "Don't Confuse What You Don't Know" or about the "White Headed Woman" or "Fever in My Mind", you sit up and listen, son. If you don't have their first album, you should pick up on it, mainly because it's a good album but also to show you the transition from country rock to the solid rock & roll of **KEEP THE FAITH**.

It's hard to tell if the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils have played anything but rock & roll, but I doubt it. They are so grungy and decadent looking and sounding that their authority is beyond question. I mean, that title, and that bland, obnoxious cover, (which their company specializes in,) and liner notes by "Funky Jack". . . And the album sounds like it was recorded in a gas station. With cookers like "Do Do Do," "Green Light" and "Black Cadillac" the Devils are pure raunch. Their leader, handling vocals and lead guitar, is Joe Crane, and while he can't sing like Jim Mangrum or play guitar like Matthew Andes, he can nevertheless rock & roll without thinking twice about it. There is a nice little autobiographical song called "Four Set Blues", about playing in bars to crowds of roudy rednecks, complete with background noise of fights and general carryings-on, with chairs being smashed over heads as the music plays on. To show you that the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils aren't perfect, there are two sorry clunkers included, "Like Fire" and "Hurtin' Side of Love", with limp horns, a tired performance by the band, weak vocals, and it sounds like something that Chicago rejected as being too commercial. They are amusing songs, if nothing else.

So here it is, rock & roll by three bands who know how to do it. Jo Jo Gunne and Black Oak Arkansas seem assured of making it, but the weak promotional push behind the Hoodoo Rhythm Devils will probably sell about 50 copies nationwide, which is really too bad. They are as all-American as the next band, as American as a gas station and a pounding bass and a heavy guitar.



BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS GREATEST HITS — Columbia KC 31170

I imagine this album was inevitable. The temptation to call it a worthless rip-off is all too easy. Although I greeted its release with not a little cynicism, there is a place for this album. With the success that BS&T has had during the last three years it seems logical that they would have a Greatest Hits album sometime, and now is as good a time as any, since it is the end of another era for the band, having lost David Clayton-Thomas and also having lost a lot of popularity they once had.

If the Jackson Five has a greatest hits album then so can Blood, Sweat and Tears. Not all of the eleven songs on the album were actually "Hits", but they are all easily familiar. BS&T was, after all, one of the rare bands that could sell millions of albums and millions of singles consistently, and they appealed to album buyers and single buyers alike. And these are two distinct demographic groups. This album is not for their album fans because they probably have most of these songs anyway. It is for the singles buyer who bought a few of their singles and like the rest on the

Everything that could possibly be considered a "Hit" is on this LP. There are two songs from the original group led by Al Kooper, "I Can't Quit Her" and "I Love You More Than You'll Ever Know." It is no surprise that they shine way above album, of the material on this album. There are also the first two smash hit singles, "You've Made Me So Very Happy" and "Spinning Wheel." From the same second the rest comes "And When I Die," "God Bless The Child," and "Sometimes in Winter." From their third album comes "Hi-De-Ho" and "Lucretia Mac Evil." Finally their latest album is represented by the two singles which were hardly giant hits, "Go Down Gamblin'" and "Lisa, Listen To Me."

Al Kooper's voice reminds you how good the original band was. David Clayton-Thomas' voice reminds you of David Clayton-Thomas and this album is an effective commemoration of the end of an era which is unlikely to be repeated by any of its participants.



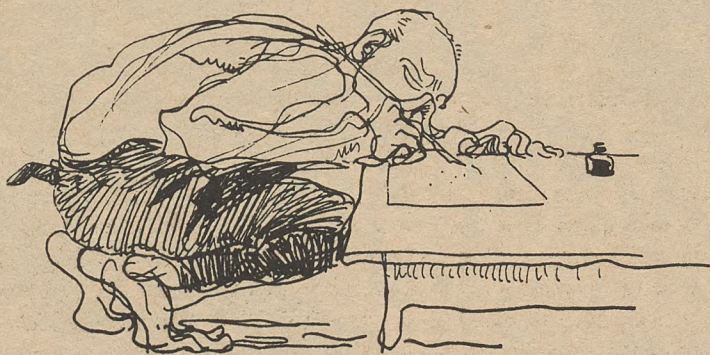
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Mike Hogan

One part confusion and two parts disappointment were the main ingredients of last Friday's show at G.U.'s Gaston Hall. The confusion came about when Tim Hardin and then Brewer and Shipley cancelled out because of sickness. John Hartford was contracted at the last minute and nobody even missed what's-their-name. Accompanied by Norman Blake on mandolin, guitar and vocals, Hartford was feeling pretty loose as was the audience and once the voice volume was raised they unfolded a relaxing program of tunes from his albums, occasionally doing a request from the audience.

The disappointment evolved from two things. Firstly, university officials had decided to prohibit the students who were putting on the program from advertising until the day before the show. (Their reasoning ran along the lines that a large crowd would include a violent faction and they didn't want the hall destroyed!)

As a result, you and nine of your friends virtually could've counted the audience on your hands and toes. For a city the size of D.C. a response as punny as that university decision or not, speaks poorly of its worth as a place to bring quality acts.

Jackie Lomax, the introductory act, was the second source of disappointment. He obviously hasn't had his current band together long enough to acquire the tightness which would have eliminated the unbalanced feeling most of his music had. In addition, the group was in a hall unsuited to rock acts of Lomax' intensity, something the sound men apparently couldn't compensate for. Doubtlessly, more time and a better venue should show what he's truly capable of when he returns to the area.

Saturday brought Emmy Lou Harris and Buffy Sainte-Marie to Gaston and mostly due to the same university decision over half the tickets had been given away to prevent a sparse audience.

Even with a full audience the hall provides an intimate atmosphere which is an integral part of acts like Hartford, Harris and Sainte-Marie.

Harris, a Washington familiar, is one of the area's more abundantly talented performers. Her clear, country voice is strong and well controlled yet the emotion in her songs is sincere and easily related to. Her choice of tunes, originals and others' material, and her sidemen, an excellent acoustic guitarist and a bassman who knows how to use a quiet bottom sound, warmed the audience and made her a difficult act to follow.

Buffy Sainte-Marie was, well, pretty much Buffy Sainte-Marie. She spent as much time standing on one foot as she did on two, crossing from animal energy movements to a shy little girlishness. She opened with her standard "Universal Soldier" and went on to things like "Piney Wood Hills" and "Cripple Creek." Especially pleasant was her occasional use of the piano and "Until It's Time For You To Go", her encore number. She was good, yet by including more numbers which utilize the range of her uniquely beautiful voice she could have been excellent.

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO P-O-E-T-R-Y ?

By DAVID BOWMAN

Poetry is still around, but it has a new look these days. I don't mean the eliotic stuff still being stuck in the back pages of middlebrow monthlies. I mean the stuff known only to the new-seekers and old trend-hounds like TIME and Tom Wolfe. I mean visual poetry, concrete poetry, electronic poetry, anything-goes poetry. The reasons you haven't seen it on the printed page is that it won't fit on the printed page and wasn't meant for the printed page.

As with all the arts this century, poetry has been looking for new materials and new methods. For materials, anything in the dictionary, or kept out of it, or made up for the nonce, as Shakespeare liked to do in the days before there were dictionaries. Dozens of new methods have appeared, including **chance poetry**, using the sortes method, plucking selections out of phone books or newspapers, instead of Virgil or the Bible, and ordering them the way professors grade papers, throwing them down steps and giving top marks to what falls farthest; or **found poetry**, collecting ready-mades, graffiti, slogans, and headlines, or taping a roomful of talkers and playing it back, with juxtapositions and overlaps, for a linear transcription; or **graffitist-revisionist poetry**, taking hot prose like editorials or speeches, then revising, parodying, perverting or defacing it.

Gone are the days of divine inspiration (God) or dream inspiration (id) or drug inspiration (LSD) or social conscience (superego) or beautiful nature (trees and daffodils). Poetry is now manufactured, in the original sense of "made by hand", but the poet is now less an inventor building up and more an editor cutting down (as in film-making) or a cut-and-paste man (as in collage-making). Poems are made not so much from the rag and bone shop of the heart, as Yeats could say thirty years ago, as from outside us in our electric junkyard.

What poetry is now can best be grasped by seeing what it used to be. Let me stick to only the poetry I know much about — poetry in English. It assumes these characteristics, most so obvious they never get mentioned.

A poem has significance at the level of phonemes (about 38 - 40 distinctive sounds for English) and morphemes (words, prefixes, suffixes, and affixes). There is significance at the syntax level (phrase, clause, sentence) and the stanzaic-paragraph level. A poem is constructed in modules of the roman alphabet, conventional signs and symbols, arabic numerals, and white-space. There is an orthodox way to interpret its patterns of sound and its patterns of sense-meaning: left to right on horizontal lines (except for palindrome possibilities); downwards line by line (except for letter-by-letter acrostic possibilities); and continuous (except for the discontinuities of word boundaries and punctuation) from beginning (top left) to end (bottom right).

Also, a poem is printed on a flat surface, usually rectangular, with letters fixed in place; composed in straight lines of type, with regular spacing (in modular multiples of 'points') both horizontally and vertically; oriented on a north-south and east-west axis perpendicular to the paper edges; set in uniform-sized type from the same font; with initial letters of each line usually capitalized; printed with constant brightness, each letter occupying its own space, without overlapping or overprinting; and meant to be read off only one side of the paper at a time.

These are the expectations when we are handed something called a poem. These are its unwritten rules about its written form. But we run headlong into the key assumption of modern artists, that rules are meant to be broken. (Hence the world's well justified belief that the artist is a disgusting and dangerous man.) Most artists view formalism as aesthetic fascism, and tend to be anarchists, loving to make chaos out of order as much as order out of chaos. So new art comes into being most often by the neglect of form and the negation of old rules. The artist may prefer to word this more positively as a 'liberation' from rules. But it comes to the same thing.

What poetry has done to these rules can be easily imagined if we stop playing

critics and let our minds go. We should be able to see an almost infinite number of possibilities.

Let's take a text. My choice would be Gertrude Stein's A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE.

I'm not being perverse about this: it is a poem, complete in itself, a "rhythmic creation of beauty" as Poe put it, and Gertrude Stein has to be given credit or blame for the whole new direction of anything-goes, and the more limited area of concrete poetry, with its obvious similarities to John Cage's concrete music and Jackson Pollock's explosions in a paint factory. Written some fifty years ago, Stein's prose pieces are like explosions in a word factory.

Let's ignore the manipulation of the text on the printed page, for that has already been done in the **free verse** of Cummings and others, and in the **calligrams** of Appolinaire and others. Instead, we should consider only the possibilities of changing the surface and unfixing the letters and words. This is the realm of the so-called **visual poetry** and **concrete poetry**.

Printed linearly, we see A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE. An odd sentence beginning with "A" and ending with a period. Printed on a dog collar, however, the poem will go on repeating itself forever like recurring decimals. Printing the letters on a balloon or a rubber sheet, we can unfix the shape of the letters, and of course change their size. Small-letter whispers to large-letter shouts and contorted-letter neurotics.

Printing single words on the sides of buses will give us a city-wide poem of changeable size and changeable readings whenever any of the buses come together. The admen have already grasped this idea, as seen in a London Transit ad for ads: THIS AD IS TWELVE MILES LONG. Nowadays the best poetic minds are in advertising.

We can print each word or each letter on marbles, or jumping beans, and put them all together in a jar or roll them around on a table; or we can print them on cubes, like those 3-D chess games, or on a scroll, like a cartoon strip, or on microfilm, like a wretched dissertation, or on mobiles, like Chomsky's transformational grammar diagrams, but all this has the same limited interest of the bus-poem.

Printing the poem on film, and projecting it as a loop, we can see it forever, or at least as long as those movie-thons of Andy Warhol. Printing the poem on ticker-tape, we can make it the longest poem in the world, and thus insure its immortality, the aim, I assume, of every poet from Homer onwards. If anti-immortality seems good, the tape can be burned as fast as printed.

A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE need not be spelled out in ink. The disciples of P.T. Barnum, well up in the pantheon of the avant-garde, know that anything can be sold to the public. So we spell it out in roses or rose petals, or rose bushes, or Rose Bowl queens, or people named Rose, or rose water, for sniff-reading. Or we liberate ourselves from rose-ness altogether and spell it out in a train of gunpowder or put it up in sky-writing or in lightbulb banners around Times Square.

I don't say that it should be done; I only say that it could be done. And probably will be. Tomorrow.

The old allegation made by C.P. Snow and others that art has made no use of science is still essentially unrefuted. Lots of technological seizures for art's sake—but nothing from science. Lightbulbs and gunpowder, yes, but nothing more impressive than what Wurlitzer has been doing with its jukeboxes for thirty years or so.

The poems of now, similarly, are presented as tape-and-slide shows in essentially the same format as the mixed media happenings and electric circuses. But if poetry has learned nothing from science, it has learned a great deal from the other arts.

From the new sculpture it has gained new axes, a third dimension, and new surfaces like alphabet blocks and sandwich boards. From graphics and painting — no longer very descriptive of the two-dimensional work being done on flat surfaces — it has learned about collage, posters, paint-as-paint, and all the methods of advertising. From the new drama it has seen the freedom of guerrilla theatre, moving the play out of the playhouse and into the streets or the Dean's Office, and psychodrama, throwing away the fixed script and letting the drama crystallize by chance.

From the new music it has discovered that all sounds can be music and that electronic instruments can do the same interesting things for the voice that they do for music. **Sound poetry**, in fact, merges quietly and imperceptibly into concrete music and electronic music. A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE IS A ROSE can be delivered as theme and variations by changing its pitches, stresses, junctures, pronunciations, and syntax, all linguistic features, but acting precisely as if they were its musical features. It can be sung as a song, set by John Cage perhaps, or as a monotone, like a stuck record. Obviously, the page-poem is not the same poem as the mouth-poem. One lies there like a painting and the other is reeled out like ticker-tape. One is fixed and the other is capable of a thousand versions which disappear, unless recorded, as soon as they are delivered.

From film, poetry can potentially learn a great deal. Just about anything film can do a poem can do. We can print a poem on paper and hold it print-side to the mirror and print on the mirror a 'negative' poem. Or we can shine a light through the paper — print-side away from the mirror — and print a positive image, but of course it is not the same poem but a 'duplicate' of the poem. We can add colors and animate the words. We can overprint words and get double exposures, or vary the blackness and get fades, or overlap phrases and get lap dissolves, or increase the size of the type for zooms. We can get a slow motion effect by wide spacing, and a fast motion effect by running words together. We can create slow cutting with long lines, or create fast cutting by shortening the line and making the eye fixations quicker. And so on, for Cinemascope, 3-D, pixillation, jump cuts, wipes, split screens, optical floppers, and anything else that film can do.

But is it poetry?

I don't know.

Since critics for now-poetry do not exist, every man can be his own critic. And should be, just as every man should be his own master, his own analyst, his own minister. The critical maxim of the age seems to be to have no critical maxims. Anything goes, say the new poets.

Yes, say the old poets, but some things go better than others.

So the questions pile up. When is a poem not a poem? How do you differentiate between poetry and concrete music, or visual poetry and calligraphy, or poems and posters? Does the general acceptance of a term like **semantic poetry** become prime proof that it is not a redundancy? Are distinctions necessary? Can lines be drawn between art and kitsch?

The word **kitsch** seems to have become popularized just in time to describe a distinction no longer valid. (See pop art passim.) Maybe the only distinctions now possible are between the esoteric and exoteric, or non-popular and popular, with trend-hound journalists making the former into the latter within a month's time. Distinctions like art and non-art, or even good and bad, and certainly right and wrong, no longer have any meaning.

This era may mark the end of art, and the beginning of that golden age when we can say, "We have no art, as everything we do, we do as well as possible." Our creative genius, as Oscar Wilde once suggested, will then be in our lives.



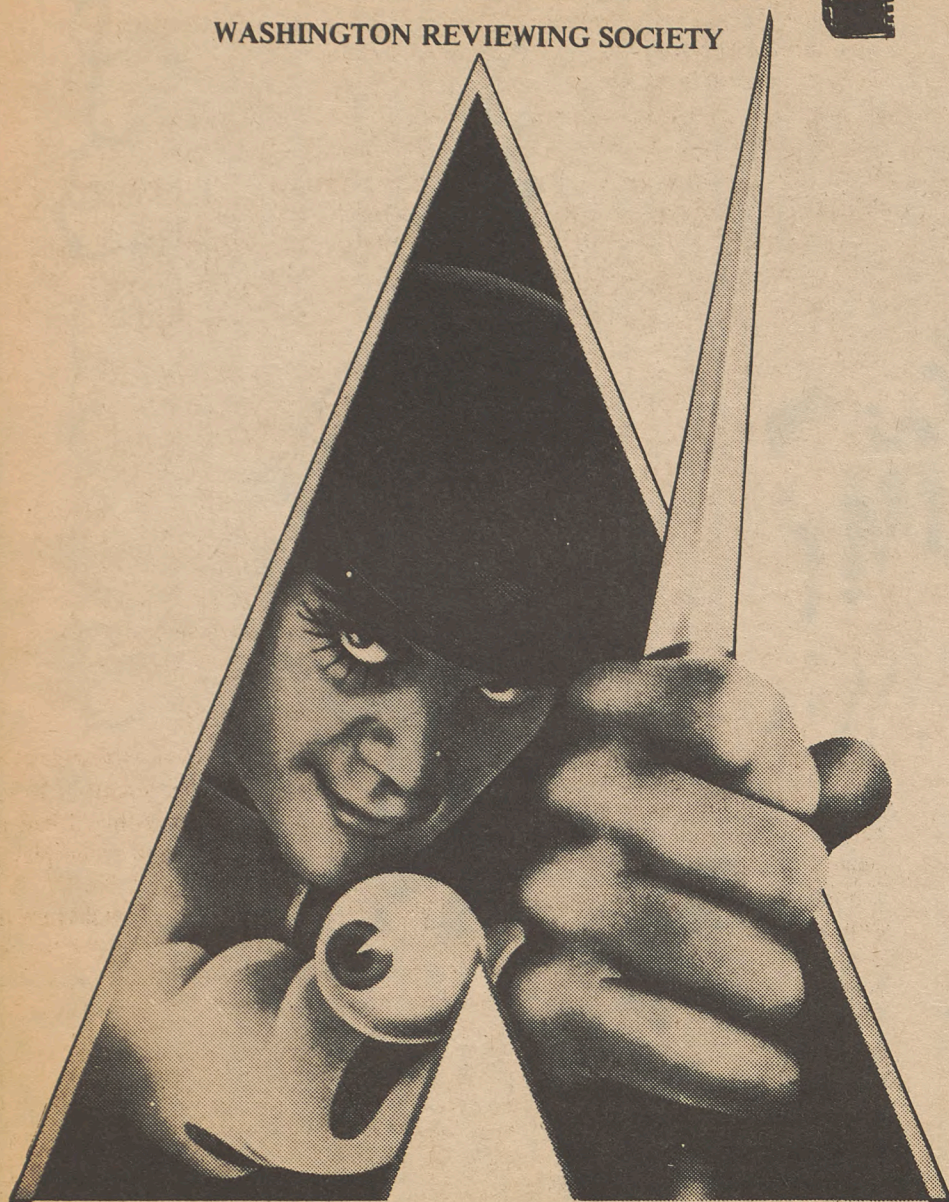
New Hampshire Fern

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Marianne LaRoche '71

at the movies

WASHINGTON REVIEWING SOCIETY



A CLOCKWORK ORANGE opens with a closeup of Malcolm McDowell's satanically smiling face. One eye is decorated with painted lashes, a la Twiggy, a subtle touch of androgynous camp. (A curious feature of this supposedly futurist film is that it constantly reminds one of the past.) An insinuatingly silky voice-over begins, "There was me, that is, Alex, and my three droogs. . ." Instead of confusing us, the slang seems to interject just the right hint of the unknown, or more specifically, our fear of the unknown, in this case, or our life in the near-future. Curiously, on Burgess' printed page, the Russianisms of this language made it seem quite dated (as do the Russianisms in Orwell's 1984) but on the soundtrack, they come across as a subtle menace. The camera begins a slow retreat, and we become aware of spaceman-white jump suits, good, combined with curiously medieval rubber jobckstraps or codpieces, even better. Better still, a funky element of narco-sex enters into our intimation of man as a spacesuited androgynous Chaucerian harlequin as Alex rests a phallically slim glass of drugged milk on the vertex of his cod. But then, a discordant note as the camera continues its retreat, adding, bit by bit, to the glimpse of one of our probable futures. The more aware we become of Alex's sidekicks (who are sitting beside him), the more they threaten to metamorphose into Leo Gorcey and the Bowery Boys. The more aware we become of the immediate environment—the Korova Milkbar—the faster the mood descends into one of moviecamp indulgence. Suddenly, we realize we are encapsulated inside a set designer's whimsically bad taste. Thud. From fantasy, we drop, faster than light, into a theatre seat, watching a movie. If ever a set looked like a set, it is the Korova milkbar. If ever we saw a trio of clown-costumed actors, it is Alex and his three droogs. The milkbar features electric blue walls, acidhead slogans, and fiberglass sculptures of spread-eagled women with about as much sexual content as department store mannequins. Their tits leak 'synthemesc' one of the many unfunny Kubrick jokes that are liberally sprinkled throughout the film. No bar in the past, present, or future, has been so antiseptically clean, in fact, that seems to be a drawback of all the sets in this film. Why is Future Man going to be any cleaner than his predecessors? In a bizarre way, the milkbar set reminded me of the past again, the ubiquitous nightclub of the 30's film in which Myrna Loy drank so much champagne and William Powell did all his smirking to the treacly tune of one of Lester Lanin's forebearers. . .

The opening scene, then, tells all. In one long take, it delineates the potential of this film and impressively shows how Kubrick abuses that potential. He does so with such competence and authority that we begin to suspect a put-on. However, we know better; Stanley Kubrick is a fine director, indisputably a serious director, maybe even a genius, and this film—his ninth—is as serious an effort as was his incontestably brilliant PATHS OF GLORY or his tour-de-force, 2001—A SPACE ODYSSEY. At the same time, there is no doubt that CLOCKWORK is a movie in which Kubrick wilfully indulges all his weaknesses, and just as wilfully seems to suppress his obvious strengths as a director. CLOCKWORK appears to be a classic example of what can happen if a director is given too much freedom, i.e. a lot of

money, an idea which apparently appeals to his baser instincts, and total control over the combination. I would say it proves that Kubrick, like many another artist, needs someone around to tell him when to cool it, someone with the courage to kick his ass when he needs it, a resolute no-man in other words.

For the benefit of the Woodwind reader who has been living in Tibet for the last year: A CLOCKWORK ORANGE is a film based on Anthony Burgess' bleak vision of a near-future in which anarchy is joyfully perpetrated by bands of vicious teenagers; as interpreted by Kubrick, it is a parable of what we can expect if the Skinner Behaviorists and their rat-maze mentality becomes the reigning religion of the day. The film begins with the adventures of three adolescent gangsters as they a) affectionately collapse the ribs and inner organs of a wino with their feet and clubs, b) joyfully kick the shit out of a rival gang, c) cripple and rape a writer and his wife, d) beat the hell out of each other, and e) club a woman to death with an art-nouveau phallus. Between these high points, there is a lot of ball-grabbing and other fun, including some excellent music by Purcell, Rossini, and Beethoven.

These bits comprise the first third of the film, and despite my facetious treatment of it, there is no doubt that it is Kubrick at his best—a sustained bravura paean to the sexual joy of violence that is probably unique in the history of film. Unfortunately, it is largely negated by the rest of the film, which in comparison, seems timid and weak, not to mention hackneyed—well, maybe not as hackneyed as SPARTACUS but then there were mitigating circumstances affecting that film, maybe not as routine as LOLITA—but certainly, nowhere in the same league as DR. STRANGELOVE or even THE KILLERS.

My own theory, largely unsupported by fact, is that Kubrick became bored with the movie at this point. Why else would he perpetrate a visual cliché that only skinflick directors are still fond of using? I am referring to yet another slow-motion 'dance of violence', a device that was particularly strong and subtle when Kurosawa first revealed it in THE SEVEN SAMURAI and still effective when used by Arthur Penn in BONNIE AND CLYDE but wearing a little thin by the time Sam Peckinpah got around to it, and definitely boring in Kubrick's version—maybe, it is another one of those unfunny jokes, an inside one, this time, a cliché satirizing a cliché, so to speak. OK, if he was bored, why didn't he quit? Momentum, I suspect; it takes more than omniscience or a rare quality of self-awareness to quit after one has already spent a million or two out of a multimillion dollar budget; in the end, I suspect, Kubrick's monetary freedom and complete control of the project became an albatross around his neck; how do you enrage your producers, alienate a major studio, and fire several hundred people who are depending upon you for their livelihood? All of this is conjecture of course, and probably wide of the mark—after all, maybe he was bored by two thirds of the script but most movies aren't shot in chronological order and so there goes that theory. . .

To continue with the plot: Alex is betrayed by his droogs, apprehended for the murder of the woman, and sent to prison. The rest of the movie is concerned with his so-called rehabilitation. He is selected as a guinea pig to test a method of criminal rehabilitation; in due course, he is brainwashed, and in a particularly witless scene, permeated by what now seems to be the usually tasteless Kubrick brand of humor, is shown once again fit to enter society, a human being remolded in the image of Pavlov. Society, of course, gets its revenge; in a series of too-pat set pieces, time reverses itself and Alex is beset by a) the stoved-in wino, b) his former sidekicks, now recast as policemen, c) the writer (who, in a typically indulgent moment of Kubrickian whimsy is reincarnated as Beethoven). Victim of the sadism he once so enjoyed, he attempts suicide, and after some more black humor involving psychiatrists, hospitals and the government, suddenly discovers there's joy left in orgasm and violence after all; up with Beethoven; down with rats; rape is once again a way of life.

The trouble with the more recent Kubrick films is that they're so conceptual; he forces one to confront ideas that are better off in books, in my opinion. I don't say a film shouldn't contain ideas or be unintelligent; certainly, PATHS OF GLORY involved all kinds of ideas and difficult moral issues but they were cast in a convincing framework of humanism. The morality of the film lay in the interaction of flesh-and-blood men so that the ideas of the film were seen in the context of human frailty and triumph. In DR. STRANGELOVE and 2001 and now CLOCKWORK, the ideas have lost their flesh, have become skeletal, very nearly abstract; they become 'moral issues', nearly as impersonal as a newspaper headline. But there they are, and like it or not, we have to deal with them.

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I think the main idea underlying *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* is that the sexual dynamism of violence, negative though it may be, is preferable if the only alternative is the homunculus that Skinner and his disciples might have us believe in; a universe of retrogressive savages seem better than a universe of Pavlovian automatons. Whether one agrees with the moral premise of this equation is probably somewhat beside the point as far as this analysis is concerned. The point is, it seems that Kubrick believes in it. Aside from the moral issue, the problem is that Kubrick fails to convince us of one half of the equation, or mathematically speaking again, two thirds of the film. He is undeniably successful in showing us that violence can be exhilarating; McDowell and company have a hell of a time wiping out their victims and we, the viewers, if we're honest about it, enjoy it too; it vicariously grabs us at the gut level, and though we may think we're civilized and prone to support anti-gun legislation we find ourselves cheering when Alex is his old self again at the end of the film, and is once again ready to trash the world.

The other half of the equation—the Skinnerian premise—is simply Kubrick indulging all his worst instincts. It is a tribute to McDowell's skill as an actor to say that he does indeed seem rendered witless and demoralized by his 'rehabilitation'; he is a true object of pity, but I don't think we're ready to believe that his plight was caused by behavioral conditioning, and there is nothing in the film, really, to convince us that behavioral philosophy is the new Nazism of our age.

The jail scenes are ludicrous—the place seems more like an English boarding school and the brainwashing sequences are simply not convincing—visually and emotionally they run a poor second to similar efforts in such films as *THE IPCRESS FILE* and the Bond movies, and we take them just about as seriously. The villains—a venally urbane government official and a Strangelove parody of Dr. No, among others—are played too campily for any effect. Consequently, there seems no reason to really pity poor Alex and the film becomes seriously unbalanced, and in the end, it becomes an amoral tribute to the philosophy of the Marquis de Sade, and though critics have suggested that to be the case, I don't think it was Kubrick's intention.

What actually seems to sabotage this film is Kubrick's questionable sense of humor. It renders his vision of a possible future suspect, making it more a comment on the past, and not even the actual past, rather inconsequential second-hand echoes of it—*WEST SIDE STORY*, for example, is the memory raised by Alex and his thugs—surely, we're entitled to a more interesting and complex future than a rehash of the fifties in New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago. The trouble is that Kubrick esteems himself too highly as a black humorist. *DR. STRANGELOVE* was funny but we don't know how much Terry Southern had to do with it. On the evidence of this film, we do know that Terry Southern is far funnier than Stanley Kubrick. What was already getting a little cute in 2001—the business with Hal the computer and the Blue Danube waltz—becomes heavy and tasteless in this movie: the sardonic use of inappropriate music (sex to the William Tell Overture, etc) the aforementioned phallus-bludgeoning scene, the use of Beethoven as a symbol of man's esthetic nature, and so on—it needs a Kurt Vonnegut to make it funny, not a Stanley Kubrick. To be fair, there are some funny bits in the film—after all, the man does have a pretty good sense of the ridiculous, he just doesn't seem to know where to stop.

Kubrick's strong points—as evidenced in previous films—seem conspicuously absent here. In his black-and-white films, he furthured singularly strong vision with a remarkable quality of light in the photography, a pewter-like patina in the highlights that gave one the impression of an almost visceral quality of intelligence at work—this film, in color, has few such moments in its visual content, instead it seems devoted to exploring the peculiarities of the anomorphic lens which makes for very strange proportions—interiors loom massively and crossing a room is like leaping the Grand Canyon.

The combat scenes in *PATHS OF GLORY* were probably the finest ever seen on film; in contrast, the trashing scenes in *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE* seem vapid and trendy. Both *STRANGELOVE* and *PATHS OF GLORY* were directed with a taut economy and a sense of purposefulness that in *CLOCKWORK* seem overblown and fatuous.

If this were a director's first film, we would probably use adjectives like 'promising' or 'brilliant but unrealized.' A second film might call forth such enconiums as 'flawed' or 'unsure but fulfilling his promise.' However, seeing that this is the ninth film of an indisputably great director, supposedly in his prime, we can only call it a colossal, mystifying mistake. Well, not so mystifying. Had Kubrick taken his tongue out of his cheek, this might have been a very powerful film indeed. Let's hope the next time around he has the wit to censor his sense of humor.

MUSIC

Reviews by SUSAN COHN

Nelson Freire was the artist of the Washington Performing Arts Society's Piano Series, February 27, and while he allowed the listener to be indulged with the pet composers of the piano circuit, he didn't play the warhorse pieces, but the less familiar works. His piano style is quite controlled, less hystrionic, than that of other pianists who play the same composers, but once the listener is accustomed to being overwhelmed by the sheer beauty of the music rather than the usual pyrotechnics, the result is total enjoyment.

The first half of the program consisted of Beethoven alone. Freire opened with the "Andante favori," originally the slow movement of the Waldstein Sonata, and then played the A-flat Major, Op. 110, Piano Sonata. Both were quite subdued, the notes being carefully and delicately played (a little odd for such late Beethoven) instead of being pounded, but the interpretation was quite acceptable.

The last half of the concert was perfect. Chopin's Impromptu in F-sharp Major and the Ballade No. 3, a charming piece, carried all the charm and pathos Chopin should convey, with none of the bathos. The "Reflets dans l'eau" and "Poissons d'or" from Debussy's "Images" sparkled with the crystal of a stream. Villa-Lobos's "Prole do Bebe," of which he played three movements, were handled well, and he finished his program with a Godowsky arrangement of themes from Johann Strauss, Jr.'s, "Die Fledermaus," a technically brilliant work which Freire performed with an amazing amount of calm and control. The audience was enthusiastic, however, and the young Brazilian treated them to two encores, unnamed jewels.

Ivette Hernandez must play the piano faster than anyone, or at least that's how it seemed at her recital Wednesday evening, March 1, at the Pan American Union. This Cuban pianist is good, there's no doubt about that, but sometimes I had the feeling she was more technique than interpretation, a fatal problem when playing romantic music.

Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13" opened the recital, and from the beginning Ms. Hernandez exhibited great force and dexterity. The flaw of the performance lay in the piece itself: each study is divided into smaller sections, each repeated; in an extended work such as this the repetitions get superfluous, and the idea of hearing everything twice becomes quite dull. The Sonata No. 2 in B-flat minor, Op. 35 (the famous funeral march sonata) by Chopin completed the first half of the recital. Most happily this was a better interpretation than the jerky offering of the last recital at the Pan American Union, but in spite of the good reading, it lacked the dark tragedy necessary for this piece. The first movement was played too fast for my taste—there are some beautiful notes that escaped—but all the legato lines in all movements were very singable, marvelously Chopinesque. The last movement was perfectly performed, for Ms. Hernandez' technique was able to create a metaphysical cloud of sound to end the sonata.

The second half of the program was Impressionist, opening with the Sonatine of Ravel. This is a chamber piece, the only work on the entire program that drew the room closer together instead of making it seem huge. Ravel, while distinctly Impressionistic, shows the influence of jazz, so the Debussy "Voiles" and "Ce qu'a vu le vent d'Ouest" were a different mood setting. These are two contrast pieces, the gentle breeze contrasting with the more forceful West Wind, and Ms. Hernandez played them as they should be played. She finished her program with "Navarra" and "El Albaicin" by Albeniz, two sparkling pieces designed for the bravura pianist. The audience was quite appreciative and got an encore quite quickly. Perhaps technique is as overwhelming to a listener as is a speaker's large vocabulary with no matching substance...

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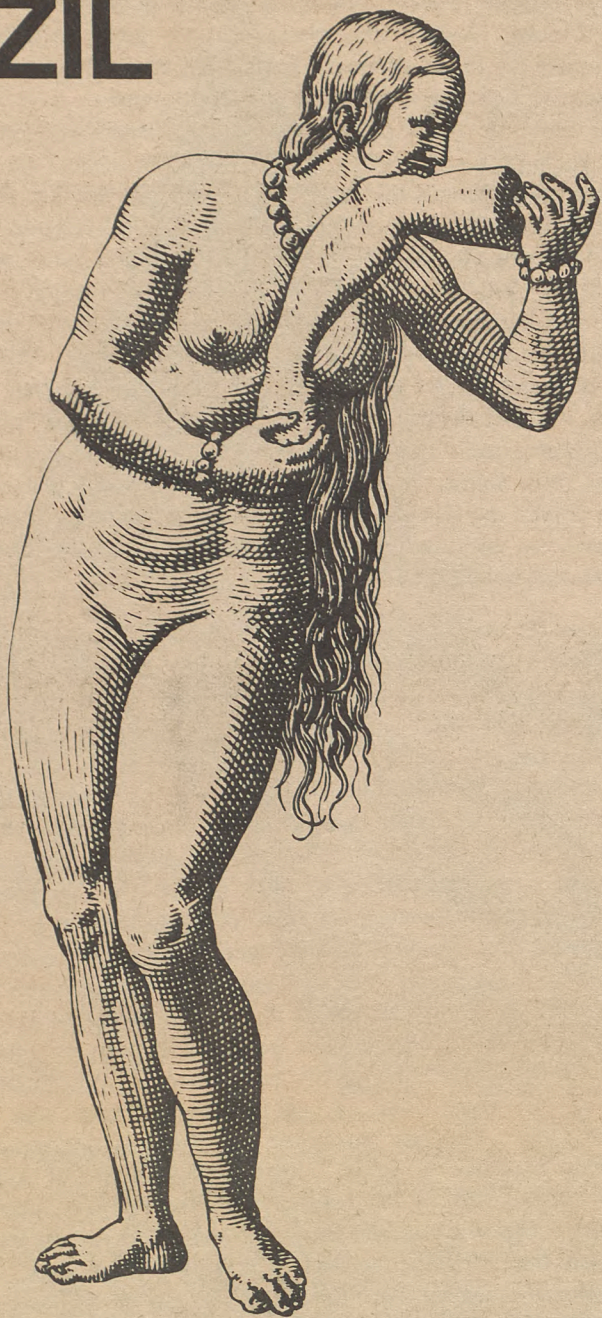
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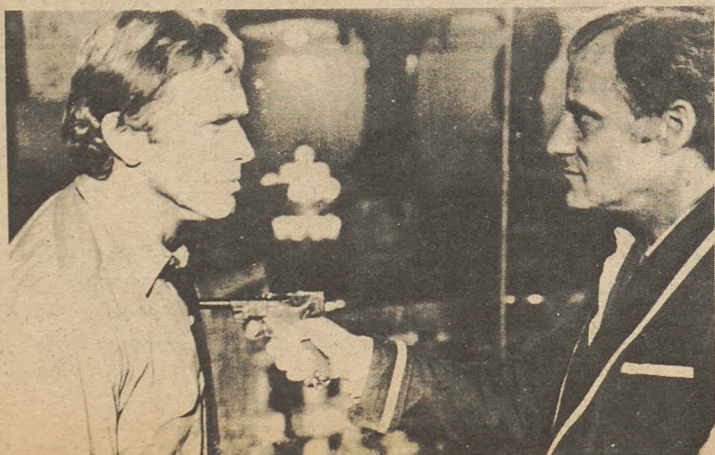
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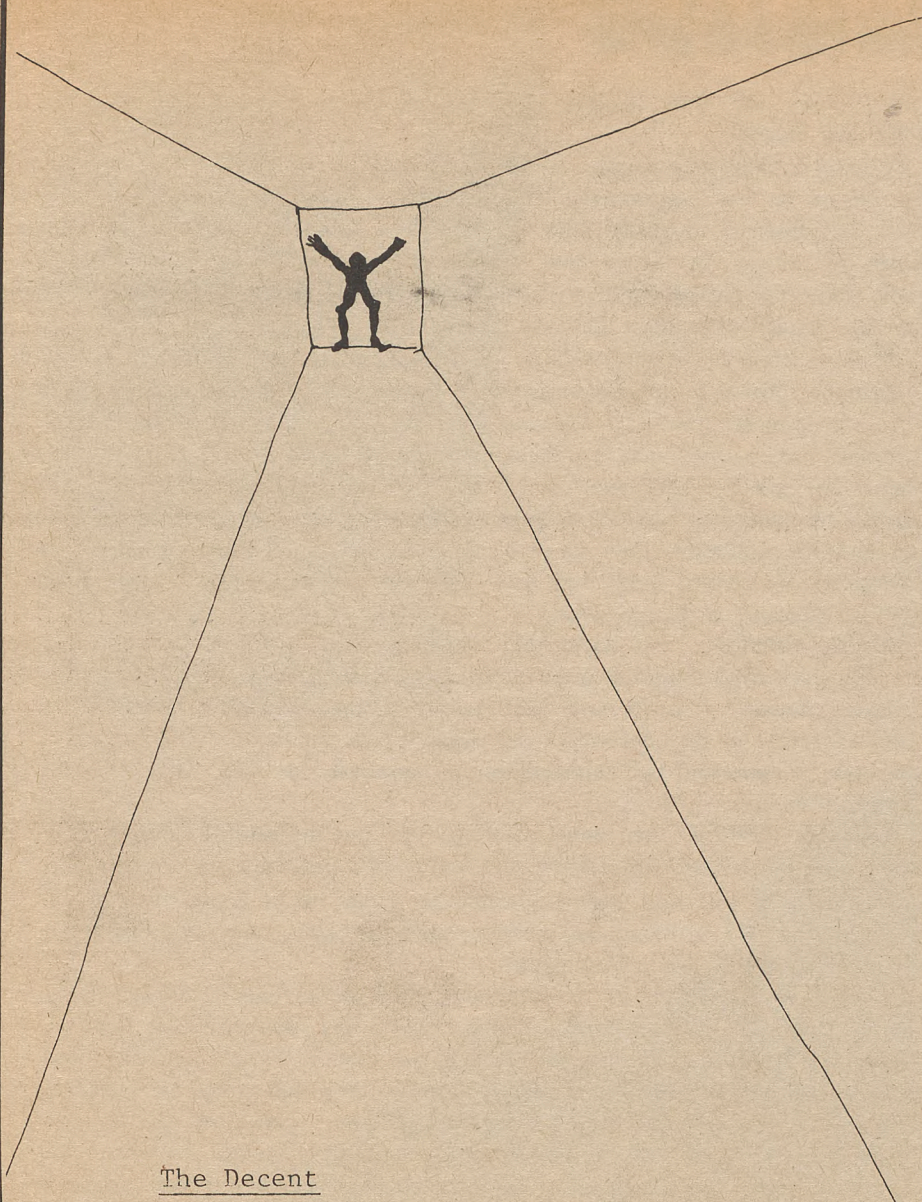
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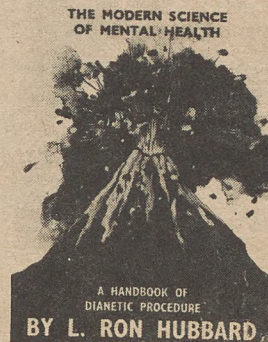
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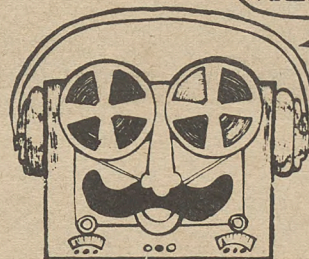
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performance

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OLD TIMES by Harold Pinter

at the Eisenhower Theatre

IT SEEMS TO discourage many audiences if one describes a play as a "serious" work, yet some plays, and I include OLD TIMES among them, are so intelligently conceived and artistically fulfilled that there is no escape from acknowledging their "serious" importance. "Serious" is not a synonym for "somber" here, nor another way of saying "boring." I mean to say that OLD TIMES, in its manifold humor and convoluted twistings, is a play which has the power to almost psychelically unleash one's mind from life-long patterns of expectancy and reveal to one something of the primal processes of memory itself. That is an achievement to be taken seriously.

Pinter claims to have grown tired of his early plays, or rather of the situation of his early plays, which inevitably consisted of entrances or exits into or from a room or the threat of those entrances and exits. The situation was naturally intensely dramatic and gave Pinter a reputation as a master of menace. In OLD TIMES, even though the situation is similar as Deeley and his wife Kate discuss and await the arrival of Kate's roommate of 20 years ago, an entirely different level is working, since the roommate, Anna, is dimly but physically present as she is discussed.

Her physical presence, then, rightfully or wrongfully, creates all sorts of ghostly possibilities in the play's progress. As Kate's oldest, and only, friend, their discussions turn on memories of their mutual past, and on Deeley's relationship 20 years ago, to his wife, or to Anna, whom he may or may not have met, or to both of them.

Deeley wonderfully describes his first meeting with Kate in a "fleapit" of a movie theatre where he and she were the only people watching ODD MAN OUT. A bit later, Anna reminisces about Sunday afternoons with Kate, particularly about one afternoon in which she and Kate saw, almost alone, a "film called ODD MAN OUT."

A word from one of the trio, and a flood of memories starts from another; a nostalgic medley of Gershwin, Rogers and Hart and Jerome Kern is shared by Anna and Deeley, almost as though Kate had never existed in the remembered past, but only Deeley and Anna, the pair who aren't supposed to know each other. Kate even asks "I don't know that song. Did we have it?"

At times Kate is so shut out by Deeley and Anna that she says, "You talk of me as if I were dead," and they continue to talk in that fashion, though acknowledging her from time to time. Ultimately, Kate says to Anna, "I remember you dead. I remember you lying dead," somehow having taken the life back in her hands, but not having resolved anything.

The shifts and tides of this play are so natural, so humanly conveyed, that what is achieved is an enormously heightened realism that touches much closer to the core of reality than a minutely observed and duplicated actual happening. The confusions of memory reveal a different past each time an event is remembered. In this way, the memory of a past is really a slightly altered remembrance of the last time that past was remembered, and that memory, of course, is a memory of the previous remembrance. Memory, in this understanding, is like a mirror reflected in a mirror reflecting in the first mirror, so that the actual reflection stretches out to infinity, always somewhat reduced in relation to the last reflection.

"There are things I remember which may never have happened, but as I recall them so they take place," says Anna at one point, stating conversationally the credo of the evening. This may be a play of one character remembering and recalling the others so that the evening takes place, or it may be an evening of two characters constantly suggesting and modifying each other's memory. What it appears to be however, is a competition between the three characters to create the past, for some unspecified prize.

At times, the prize of the evening seems to be Kate, who passes as an object bartered in the minds of Deeley and Anna. Anna seems bent on reviving the Kate of 20 years

20 years ago, the shy roommate she remembers. Deeley says early, "I wish I had known you both then," in that past that belonged to the women as roommates, and at the end of the play it seems as though he has come to have known them both then, though at a great loss to his previous past.

Better than trying to describe the possibilities set off by the events of the play, I urge you to see it while it remains available in this fine stylish production at the Kennedy Center. Robert Shaw performs the role of Deeley, setting out with a sort of viciousness and cruelty that is outrageously funny and challenging. His bluster is offset by Rosemary Harris's superior coolness and contro as Anna. Her manipulation of the past in this game with no rules brings to mind the manipulation of a houseful of men by Ruth in THE HOMECOMING, through the same sort of enormous confidence and power.

Mary Ure's Kate is the most difficult of the characters to describe, for while all the memories are fixed on her, she seldom intrudes, but listens as the others set up parallel universes around her, then, through her words, she completely limits the possibilities of that evening, fixing them at a point that is absolutely crushing. The interplay of these three actors makes OLD TIMES the most satisfyingly enacted evening of Pinter I have ever seen, and his much debated Silences are shown here as inevitable moments in the development of the dialogue.

Pinter's theatre is still running at a forward thrust in that portion of the contemporary theatre that has carried language to extremes to create a world on the basis of words. Like Beckett and Peter Handke, Pinter creates a universe defined by language which is, joyfully, very accessible, very funny and very important

N.C.

AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE By Hendrik Ibsen at Georgetown University
Mask and Bauble

Michael P. Malloy has given us an interesting, if not entirely successful, production of the least stage-worthy of Ibsen's plays. Malloy has rejected the realistic style that Ibsen is identified with in favor of a more abstract backdrop against which to portray Dr. Stockmann as a Nietzschean Superman. This provides a good frame for Nelson Smith's excellent Stockmann, whose final scenes suggest that the pinnacle of genius is the brink of madness.

Malloy's approach is successful in laying philosophical speculation before us in a dramatic form that is nicely enriched by the Mondrianesque set and a wonderful selection of music that is so integrated into the action that it becomes a positive dramatic force rather than an incidental filler between scenes. Unfortunately, Malloy has failed to bring most of his cast to an adequate style of acting that can support his concepts. There is a danger in stylized acting, the danger of falling into lies, and this production does not avoid it. Since we do not believe in Stockmann's adversaries, we cannot accept him as a hero with the dimensions that he is given by other elements of the production. J.R.

BLACK PEPPER at Back Alley Theatre

The Back Alley Ensemble is the closest thing Washington has to a Community theatre company. It is the only theatre group in town that seems committed to and expressive of the concerns of our largely Black population. This in itself is enough to command our appreciation and approval, but Back Alley puts on good shows too.

BLACK PEPPER, their latest offering, falls into the general category of a revue, since it is made up of short skits and scenes. But this is not a glib, superficial series of bits that seem calculated to remind us of Laugh-In or a TV variety show. It is a dramatic expression, sometimes satiric, sometimes pathetic, of what it is like to live in Washington.

The show was created by the Ensemble, and both the material and the acting style suggests that a good portion of the creation was improvisational. Improvisation can be a dangerous artistic principle, but when it works, as it often does here, it can give a totally honest "slice of life," as they used to say. For instance, one of the scenes has a young girl escaping from a party her parents have brought her to where she's been molested by one of their friends. She asks to use the bathroom in the apartment of an older woman, then they sit and talk for a few minutes. The older woman seems to be a Lesbian, but nothing is made of this, no attempt is made to go for a big laugh or to exploit stereotypes. The two women talk for a few minutes and the girl leaves, and we have been given a wonderfully delicate portrait of two lonely people. There is nothing to the scene but truth and beauty.

A production like this depends a great deal on the ability of the company to play together and Director John B. Wentworth deserves credit for actually forging a company, an ensemble rather than a cast, and for leading them into an acting style that often seems effortless in its honesty. I hate to single anyone out for praise because the general quality was high, but I cannot ignore the power Doug Johnson brought to each of his roles, the unflappability of Melvin Bruce as a TV interviewer confronted with a militant writer who is inarticulate except in obscenity — and I could go on through half the company.

This is not the kind of show that you can usually find in Washington. It would probably be impossible for any of our professional theatres to do a show like this, for its virtues grow out of the experience of the members of the ensemble, and it is too daring and brazen to assure commercial success such as the flaccid and banal SPREAD EAGLE enjoyed. But if you want to season an evening with something honest, thought-provoking and funny, try BLACK PEPPER

BLACK PEPPER runs Thursday through Sunday at 8:30, until April 2. J.R.



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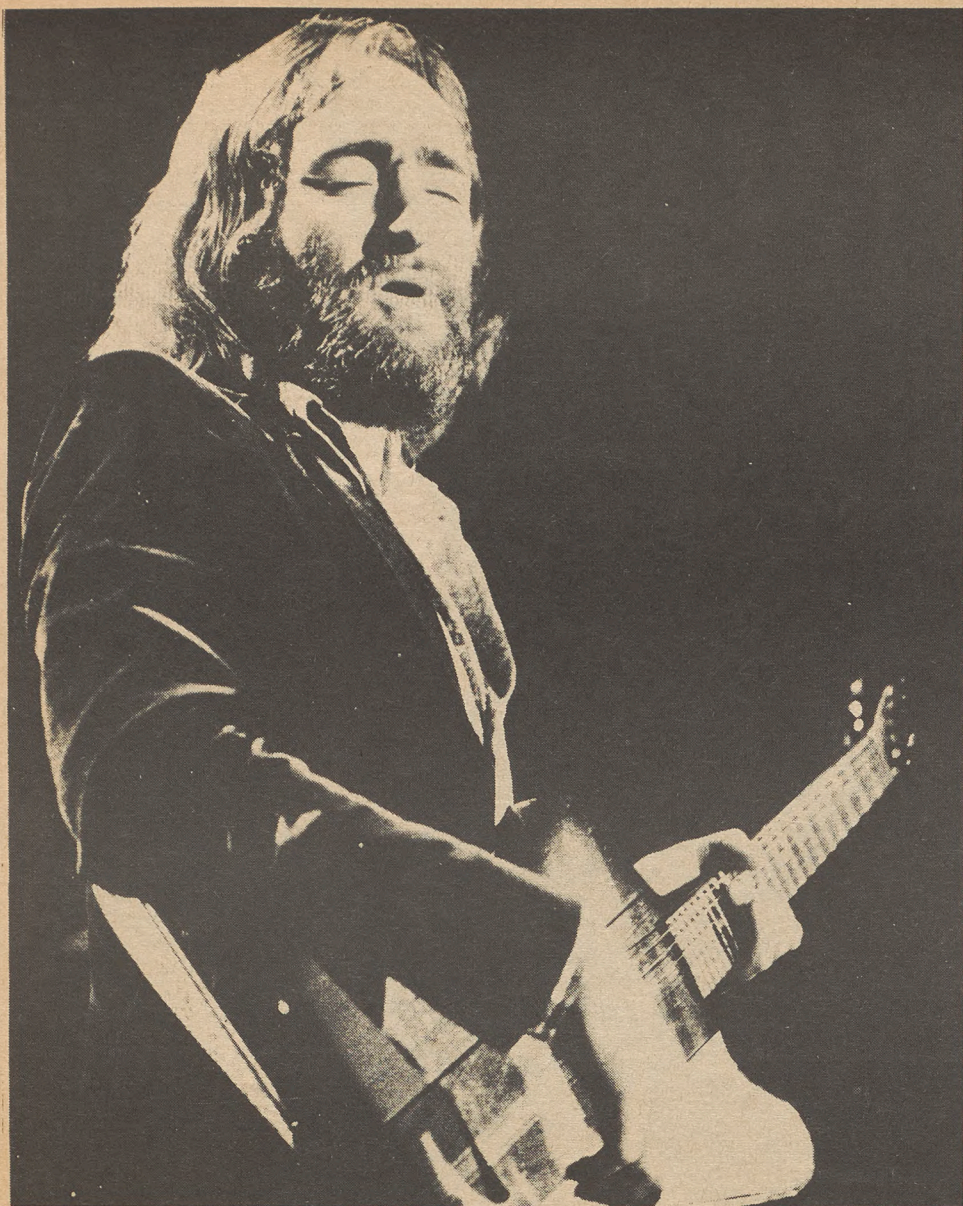
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